



Then Susan began to look grave,
and sorry for doubting his Love
And modestly Pardon did crave;
perswaded he real would prove.
Then after a Glass of Canary,
and such as the house could afford
The Seaman could no longer tarry,
but kiss'd her and straight went aboard.

Poor Susan (for Grief) she did cry,
to think that her Sweet-heart was gone,
And left her to sigh and to die
in love and in sorrow alone.
But (thinking upon his returning)
to languish she thought it in vain?
Therefore she left off her fond mourning,
expecting to see him again.

But 'ere a Month was overpast,
the hopes of her Marriage was gone,
And Sorrow her Face did o'cast,
her heart was as cold as a Stone,

A Maid that was with her acquainted
inform'd her of Anthony's Life;
Her shame and disgrace she prevent'd,
and kept her from being his Wife.

A wife in Virginia he had,
and three more in England and Waile;
In Holland a Phrow he did wail,
a couple he marry'd in Cailes.
But Anthony have he was brisk,
and past for a Batchelor still;
And ready was for the next Frisk,
and Women he had at his Will.

Then Maids that are honest and chaste,
and you that are light (like the Wind)
And Widows that still are content
To be ever loving and kind
Learn wisdom from what I have told
For words they are made but of Air
A Vertuous woman's worth Gold;
and Men that are honest are rare.